

inside~ **TARZAN MEETS LA!** *by* **RICH CORBEN**



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THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY AUTHORIZED EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS FANZINE
"I STILL LIVE"—Edgar Rice Burroughs

A POLICEMAN'S LOT

by Allan Howard

A group of science fiction fans once took a boat ride up the Hudson river. One of them brought along his bicycle, paying freight rates for the privilege. On arrival at Bear Mountain he found that bike riding was not allowed in the State Park. While his unencumbered fellows were enjoying themselves, he spent the day walking beside a vehicle which had turned into excess baggage. He could be heard muttering, "Cops—you can't go anywhere without meeting cops. Probably even on Mars!"

The heroes in Burroughs' novels operate in a milieu generally devoid of law and order. They carry their policemen in a brawny fist or good sword-arm. But their are policemen on Mars, as Elysas Paxton found out. Being on Paxton's side we tend to approve of his actions. Nevertheless, in this instance, Paxton and his companions were the criminals, as opposed to a policeman carrying out his lawfully appointed duties. Of course, as Burroughs pointed out, there really are no police, as such, on Mars; where virtually every man is a warrior, and there is little crime, except assassination. Police duties are assumed by palace guards and specially assigned units of the standing army, as needed. This seems to be true of Antor, and generally of Poloda. Pellucidar, praise be, is too backward to need a police force.

In his own jungle Tarzan performs the function of a policeman, keeping his eye on suspicious characters, and apprehending and punishing swindlers. Sometimes, in the manner of the old time foot patrolman, he merely chivies them on to the limits of his beat, leaving it up to some other jurisdiction to worry about them. On occasion Tarzan has done some creditable detective work. In one of his first encounters with civilization the ape man was introduced to the science of fingerprinting, as unerring a means of identification as is a jungle-bred sense of smell. On another occasion Tarzan took on four Paris gendarmes while resisting arrest in Rue Maube, 27. He wiped the floor with them, no doubt to the delight of every red-blooded American, incipient cop-hater who ever read this passage. Upon learning the error of his ways, Tarzan was ever afterward a staunch upholder of the law, albeit in his own irregular style.

Leaving the exotic locales of Burroughs we find that the residents of more prosaic communities, particularly Chicago and Los Angeles County have had many a run-in with the law. "The notorious West Side rowdy", Billy Byrne, innocent though he was of the crime suspected, engaged in what the police term, "unlawful flight to avoid arrest". (Is there such a thing as lawful flight? If not, why the adjective?) After apprehension and conviction, and while undergoing transportation, he compounded his crimes by threatening the life of an officer of the Law and fleeing from imprisonment.

From his writings it is evident that ERB was an exponent of law and order and backed the Establishment. He had admiration for the decent and upright minions of the law, but contempt for the brutal and corrupt authors of police abuses who cause good policemen to be labelled Cossacks and pigs. While the reasons and methods used by the Chicago Police Dept. in securing Billy Byrne's conviction were scarcely admirable, two of its members, Patrolman Lesky and Sergeant Flanagan come through as decent and honorable men.

In "The Girl from Farris's", Detective Doarty is a type of old time "dick" we hope has been eliminated from modern police forces. While tactless and inefficient, he is also vindictive and "on the take". Sergeant O'Donnell in "The Efficiency Expert" seems a more decent type, if we ignore the somewhat biased opinion of "Little Eva".

There is scarcely any tale of the old cow country that does not have in its cast of characters that exemplar of law and order, the county sheriff. Burroughs draws two entirely different law men of the Old West in "The Bandit of Hell's Bend" and "The Deputy Sheriff of Comanche County". In "Bandit" Gun Smith is a caricature. He provides comic relief, and at the same time is an example of the self-important, cowardly and venal, total incompetent that sometimes manages to get elected when good men do not do enough. Buck Mason of Comanche County is the very paragon of all western story deputy sheriffs. Honest and upright, and a deadly man in a gun fight, he solves a murder case with some fairly brilliant detective work.

It would have been interesting to see what Burroughs would have done with a straight detective mystery story, or one in which the lead character was a policeman. Elements of mystery and detection enter into some of his other work, such as "The Oakdale Affair" and "The Girl from Hollywood". In "Pirate Blood", Johnny LaFitte was a reluctant policeman, but was on the job hardly long enough to get a line on his abilities and fitness. In view of his subsequent career it is my guess he would have been both efficient and corrupt, depending on who it was he was dealing with.



This photograph of Edgar Rice Burroughs was taken by ERB's wife, Emma, during the time the author was a railroad policeman in Salt Lake City. Picture is one of several given your BS editor by John Coleman Burroughs in 1949.

The Curious Case of Two Dutchmen

by David Cantrell

Some time ago, upon reading two of Edgar Rice Burroughs' books, THE LAD AND THE LION and TARZAN AND THE CASTAWAYS, within a short period of each other, I was struck by the similarity in names of two characters mentioned in these works. I refer to Hans de Groot in THE LAD AND THE LION, and Hans de Groot in TARZAN AND THE CASTAWAYS. It is my theory that these two Dutchmen are father and son.

Now de Groot (or de Groot) is by no means an uncommon name among the Dutch, so the similarity here could be purely coincidental; but there are some curious resemblances and dovetailings between the two books which support the possibility of a non-accidental connection between them.

Hans de Groot, as you may know, was one of the more important characters in THE LAD AND THE LION, written in 1911. The son of Dutch gardeners, it seems likely that he was born in the very late 1880's or very early 1900's, for he was in his early twenties at the end of LAD.* On the other hand Hans de Groot, in TARZAN AND THE CASTAWAYS, was a sailor, for a short time the second mate of the Saigon, and thus became involved in Tarzan's adventure on an island in the Pacific inhabited by a lost Mayan tribe. It is briefly mentioned that de Groot was the son of a Dutch ship-builder. In the story, he fell in love with Jeanette Leon, and presumably married her. The period of the CASTAWAYS story is around the beginning of World War II, that is, the summer of 1939.

Let's return now to the first Hans de Groot. His father, Martin, was stationed at the royal palace of an obscure European kingdom as chief gardener of the royal grounds. After attending the Royal Military Academy Hans de Groot was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Tenth Cavalry and for a time was sent to the border for frontier duty. His pretty sister, Hilda, fell in love with and became the mistress of the Crown Prince and future king, Ferdinand -- to the great dismay and shame of Hans; for Ferdinand was a cordially-hated, arrogant snob whose father, Otto, had usurped the throne by engineering the assassination of his own brother, the hereditary king. At the subtle urging of one Carlyn, a once-diagnosed palace officer who joined a group of revolutionary terrorists, Hans became involved in two assassinations--first, quite innocently in that of King Otto, and then quite deliberately in that of the new King Ferdinand and his mistress, Hilda de Groot. An official bulletin issued the morning after the latter murders reported that immediately after the death of his sister, Hans had shot himself to death.

Certainly Hans was present at the shooting of his sister and the king, and may really have killed himself, either in remorse or in shame at Hilda's dishonor of the family as yet unborn. (We should bear in mind that in virtually all European monarchies it was quite the accepted convention for kings, princes, and other high nobles to keep mistresses, and usually no public opprobrium attached to the women; quite the contrary, they often received great adulation from the lesser peerage and the common populace because of the influ-

ence they might exercise upon their royal lovers. But it is very clear that Hans de Groot did not share this common continental attitude -- he regarded Hilda as a disgrace to the de Groot honor.) But the report of Hans's suicide may have been just a hoax, published in order to divert attention from other officers involved in the plot and at the same time give de Groot an opportunity to leave the country unnoticed, being believed dead by his family and everyone else except the participants in the plot. Thereupon Hans probably moved either to his ancestral Holland or to one of its East Indian possessions, took up ship-building, got married, and had a son whose he named Hans. (The spelling of his surname may have been purposely changed by adding the terminal "e", or this may simply be one of those Thoria-Thuria mistakes.)

As Hans the younger grew up, he rather naturally became a sailor, chanced to sign on as second mate of the Saigon, and thus entered the CASTAWAYS adventure.

Now the time right for Hans de Groot and Hans de Groot to be father and son? According to the magazine version of THE LAD AND THE LION which contains no reference to "Il Duce" of Italy, Hans the elder was born around 1890, married sometime about (perhaps shortly after) the outbreak of World War I, and had a son about 1917 or 1918. The son, Hans de Groot, could therefore have been old enough for marriage to Jeanette Leon in 1939 or early 1940. On the other hand, if the book version of LAD is taken as authority, then Hans de Groot would not have gone into sea until 1923 at the earliest, allowing a couple of years before the birth of his son, the latter would be only 14 or 15 years old at the time of the CASTAWAYS affair. Of course, maybe he was big for his age, and matured rapidly.

It seems too that Edgar Rice Burroughs was thinking of THE LAD AND THE LION when he wrote CASTAWAYS, for notice the early events in each: in LAD we have the young Prince Michael on the darest ship, with the aged Lion and the old dead-mate in CASTAWAYS we have a parallel situation of people and animals in cages on board the Saigon, with the villainous Schobdt as the counterpart of the old man. In both books the starring characters, Prince Michael and Tarzan, have temporarily lost their memories. In each book there are Arab characters, and of course, de Groot in LAD and de Groot in CASTAWAYS.

Also, the rather indefinite ending of THE LAD AND THE LION paves the way, so to speak, for the father-son theory. ESB never actually said Hans de Groot was dead; he just said that de Groot was reported dead -- and he said it in such a way that you could interpret it either way. To me, the whole narrative of LAD is done very mysteriously, as if the author were concealing something of importance, something that wasn't meant for the reader. ESB did not give us the name of the kingdom in THE LAD AND THE LION, much less the true names of Andrew, Sulvik, or Carlyn. We cannot even be sure that Hilda de Groot was assassinated, though it is probable that she was. But she might have been spared and allowed to escape -- and if she did, she most likely left with Hans. However, Ferdinand, it can be safely believed, was shot by his rebellious officers.

Briefly, this is my case. The style of LAD, the dates of LAD and CASTAWAYS, the conspiracy between the revolutionaries and General Comt Sarraza, seem to me all to point to one thing: that the son of Martin de Groot is the father of Hans de Groot. Believing this theory, I can therefore connect THE LAD AND THE LION to the Tarzan series, and regard TARZAN AND THE CASTAWAYS a sort of sequel to THE LAD AND THE LION.

* This is a very confusing point. It is true that THE LAD AND THE LION was written under the title "Hans and Hilda" in early 1911, and saw magazine publication as "The Lad and the Lion" in mid-1917. Twenty years later some 21,000 words were added for the book version, THE LAD AND THE LION, published in 1938. On page 20 of the book there is mention of "Il Duce" -- Benito Mussolini, dictator of Italy -- who did not attain that position until Oct. 28, 1922. Assuming that Mussolini had only recently come into power in Italy, this would suggest that Hans de Groot was born in 1900 or maybe very shortly before.



THE ILLUMINATED FAN

by John Pocsik

Unlike the mishandled John Carter strip, or the interesting - if uneven - adventures of David Innes, or the almost forgotten Tanager episodes, Korak, the son of Tarzan, and Carson of Venus fared better at the hands of National Periodical Publications. Smooth writing and, in the case of Carson, outstanding artwork have been the keystones of the KORAK, SON OF TARZAN magazine since its DC takeover.

Continuing our analyses of the current Edgar Rice Burroughs' comic adaptations, we come to KORAK 52, in which former John Carter/Tanager illustrator Murphy Anderson - with Robert "Enemy Ace" Kanshaer scripting - began work on the Korak section.

In "The Outcasts", Korak continued his odyssey in quest of the missing maid Meriem - "odyssey" being the correct word, for, like the wanderer Odysseus cast up from the billows, Korak (and Professor Dood), fresh from the terrors at the bowels of the earth, encountered a Cyclopean horror on an island of radioactively scarred mutants. And let's not forget that ridiculously huge python Korak fought, or the giant shark either. (Currently popular author Peter Benchley has given the reading public a much more convincing and terrifying vision of this most fearsome beast on earth - the 30-foot, 3-ton Great White Shark - in his bestseller, JAWS. The monster's graphic and gruesome forays against humankind would probably make even the staunchest ERB devotee wonder if Korak could defeat a creature of that size that easily - especially when the reader comes across the scene where Benchley's shark lands in the protagonist's boat like a modern-day Moby Dick.)

Again Anderson brought his clean and ordered style to the strip, rendering Korak's world almost antiseptically sterile - a great change from Frank Thorne's previous neo-Kubert "rough" art. Korak's battle with the one-eyed colossus was altogether too short to be gripping, as are most of the fight scenes in comics today, but writer Kanshaer did give us a moody fadeout scene with the love-struck youth glimpsing Meriem's face in the dancing flames - a malady of inner vision which would grow more obsessive with each issue.

Korak met up with "The Tribe That Time Forgoe" (not Caspak-related) in issue 53. After seeing Meriem's pert countenance in a limped pool (!) the son of Tarzan left his friend Dood to trek into the untamed depths of the Dark Continent. He came upon a lion savaging an old man and dispatched the feline with his dad's skill. Korak discovered that the old man Kenya had been left to die by his tribe which would not acknowledge weakness, infirmity or pity. Carrying Kenya back to his village, Korak found himself the object of a great outcry, a taboo-breaker. An axe-wielder rushed him; Korak's face became suffused with bloodlust (much as the hero's hand turned glowing red in the martial arts film FIVE FINGERS OF DEATH) and Korak made short work of his attacker. But soon he had more problems. Chief Zuno ordered the youth tied between two bulls which were then goaded to pull him apart. Silently Korak resisted the titan strain (hey! this is beginning to sound like a summary of TARZAN'S THREE CHALLENGES) until suddenly the ropes snapped. The tribe was impressed, but not so Zuno who mounted a bull and tried to bash Korak's brains out. Now, if somewhere on this emerald ball spinning through the cosmos there is a Yakima Canutt of the comic world, then where are you now that we need you? If the real life stunt-master Yakima could stage sequences in films as thrilling as the tournament of Calahorra in EL CID or the

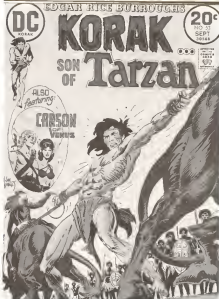
cable car fight in WHERE EAGLES DARE, then why could not this final battle between Korak and Zuno have been a nail-biter, instead of just being there - on the page? At any rate, Zuno was downed and Korak named chief, but the son of Tarzan abdicated to Kenya. Seeing Meriem's face floating across the moon, Korak yielded to his "Luna-cy" and departed into the night.

This issue also boasted a pleasing Joe Kubert cover showing Korak literally between the horns of a dilemma: it had, in addition, a nice inset-portion of Carson (looking vaguely Grecian - or maybe like the Viking (freak?) and Duane, with Antor swirling behind them.

In KORAK 54, the son of Tarzan became "Blood Brother" to Mnumbo when the latter saved him from a strange-looking stegosaurid creature with a hydra-head in a land of steaming volcanic cones. Chief Mnumbo welcomed the youth to his clan, incidentally introducing him to his comely sister Salama. A relationship developed between Korak and the warrior based on their mutual respect for each other's manhood and fearlessness. Korak saved Mnumbo from a charging boar; Mnumbo returned the favor by saving him from a mammoth croc. Salama danced for Korak just as Aleta of the Misty Isles danced to win food for France Valiant. Life flowed gently on. But the village elders, bone-casting, determined that the two friends had to fight to the death. Either that, they declared, or Mnumbo and his sister would die. The first ordeal was that of the spear-toas, and each man passed it unscathed. For the final test, they braved the depths of the ebullient pool where dwelt a monstrous squid...Korak again saved Mnumbo and the tale had a happy ending (unlike most films these days!) with Korak kissing Salama farewell and moving off for Meriem.

Korak finally found her!





Well, at least in KORAK 55 he found he was on the right trail. In "Terror Mountain" (with a title like that, one might expect Doc Savage and crew to pop up - or maybe Doc Caliban?), Korak found himself in treacherous cliff country that his thoughts strayed never far from his beloved was evident when he saw her face in waterfall mist. High on the windswept heights he was attacked by three Mongol-looking gentlemen, who would not make that particular mistake again. Descending to the valley he was again attacked with a resulting deadly underwater swordfight. Entering a Tarter village Korak was accorded honor as a valorous warrior - and presented with the sly tawny-skinned Lotus. She it was anon who told him of a "light-skinned maid", slave to Fghang, Khan of the Citadel of Skulls. The episode ended with Korak on his way to witness the Festival of the Moon Dancers - and the marriage of Fghang to his slave!

Korak finally caught up with Meriem in issue 56 at "The Mound of Skulls" - pausing by the way to battle and beat the vengeful Iagho. It was indeed Meriem who set next to the obese Fghang - although we readers were not (and still have not been) given an explanation as to how she escaped from the earth's center. Details, details. To show his intended how brave he was, Fghang vowed to fight the Demon Beast; all eyes grew wide. Meanwhile Korak was lulled by Lotus who tried to make him forget Meriem first with a rather sultry dance and then in her own supple-thighed manner. The Demon Beast turned out to be an overgrown beetle. In one of the less logical Korak climaxes of all, Korak rescued Fghang from the insect's maw only to have to battle the jealous man a moment later. Beaten once and for all (by a woman's sash at that), Fghang committed suicide with his poison serpent ring. Meriem was kidnapped by Iagho, and poor lonely Korak wandered off into the pages of his father's 60¢ 100-page magazine, Peeping, all.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Mike Kaluta continued to wow us with his delightfully opulent, delightfully barbaric art style on the Carson of Venus strip, making the two-month wait between issues almost unbearable.

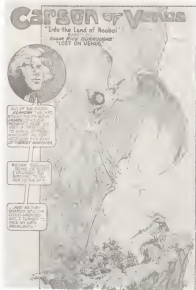
In the episode in KORAK 52 titled "Duare, Princess of Venus", Carson and his band of multineers had scarcely celebrated their victory when the massive shape of a Thorist flagship hove into view behind them. Intelligence disclosed that this vessel belonged to Moosko the Ongyan, one of the hundred hated Thorist Tyrants, in whose possession was Duare. During the night, Carson and a daring band made a sortie through the steamy darkness to the Thorist ship. Sneaking below deck, Carson opened an ornate cabin door and found a gross bulk asleep and dreaming like something out of a debauched fantasy by M. P. Shiel or Aubrey Beardsley. Kaluta, also doing his own scripting, caught the mood perfectly:

"...The strange half light that filtered into the cabin sparked off the gems and baubles that lay heaped about Moosko the Ongyan..."

But a sword edge nicking his throat soon convinced the sweating fat man to accompany Carson above decks where he was silently, but quickly transferred to Carson's ship. Threatening death at the hands of the gun crews, Carson "prevailed" upon Moosko to transfer his captives to the free ship, including the Janjong of Vepaja. As Carson made ready to visit his new royal guest, his thoughts were on the nameless girl in the garden who had refused his love - and pushing open the door, he found himself face to face with her.

Kaluta continued to display his spectacular skill at adapting Burroughs' prose to the comic page and the only comment one might make was "More pages, more pages!" as indeed some readers did.

"Catastrophe" struck Carson and crew in KORAK 53. Duare was again letting Carson know that her feelings for her rescuer had not mellowed in any way when winged klangan burst into the chamber. Readers were treated to another Mike Kaluta battle royal which left all the other DC/EB efforts looking pale by comparison. Carson leapt and ducked amidst the frantically moving klangan, steel slicing air and wood, his own sword blade flashing - until a sizzling ray bolt from Moosko's gun and whizzing shrapnel made the lights go out for Carson. When he regained consciousness - a unique shot of helmeted heads





peering down - Moosko and Duare were gone. Now the treacherous Antorian seas and winds themselves conspired to thwart the earthman as a titan storm ravaged the ship and swept Carson into the raging waves. In another classic sequence, Carson battled the sea for survival until at long last he came to an unknown shore. Though exhausted and battered, he turned inland; soon, a woman's scream alerted him to nearby peril. Sure enough, there was Duare - and her klangan guardians - in pitched battle with the beast-men. As the last of the winged creatures was finished off, Carson entered the fray and ended it. The haughty Duare was afraid, but Carson assured her that he would speak no more of love. They waited for the storm to cease so that the ship could be signalled. All this in five pages!

With KORAK 54, Kaluta began scripting and drawing the great Edgar's LOST ON VENUS with an episode titled "Into the Land of Noobel". Surely it is the best segment he has turned in on the strip so far - a superb blending of sinister mood and peril and high swashbuckling adventure. Carson and Duare were attacked by Thorist warriors; in a very St. John-ish panel, Duare was swept aloft, wind-ripped, by a klangan and borne away. The Thorists force-marched Carson to the city of Kapdor where Moosko delightfully informed the earthman of his fate: he was to be placed in the Room of the Seven Doors. Circular in extent, it had seven identical exits, only one of which led to freedom. From the others would come death swift and sure - from a rain of steel spikes, flaming gas, disintegrator rays, a fierce tharban, acid corrosive, or crushing metal walls. Inside the chamber Carson mused; a table stood therein; on it bowls and cups, only one each of which were free of poison. A noose hanging from the darkness completed the gloomy scene. Suddenly the floor was alive with hissing horrors, snakes crested and opaline. Moosko certainly believed in getting the show on the road. So did Carson as he threw a door lever. Out sprang three hundred pounds of snarling fury; but the tharban was horribly crushed by the largest reptile of all. Fixing its ophidian eyes on the human, it struck. Carson moved faster, catching hold of the noose and scurrying, fear-haunted, up the rope into the maze of cross-beams and roof-works. A cooling breeze led him to an exit. Carson had survived the Room of the Seven Doors. A superb rendering of Burroughs by a consummate artist!

Carson really did become "Lost on Venus" in issue 55. Using the rope, he moved from the tower to an adjacent structure. A female cry brought him crashing through

a window to dive at the bloated figure of Moosko. Carson dealt the man grim justice with his bare hands, then rose and turned to the disheveled Duare. She handed him the Ongyan's ring; together, cloaked and silent, they stole through the corridors - wiping out a guard crew - thence through a sudden downpour to the gate of Kapdor where there was an uneasy moment with the guard before he yielded to the grim-faced hooded man with the ring of the Ongyan. The two fugitives moved through the rain, heading, they hoped for the coast. But when dawn came, it was clear they had trekked miles inland - and were lost.

The "Babe in The Woods" in KORAK 56 (final issue) again met up with the Noobargan, the savage beast-men of Venus. Carson's raygun was no match for their deadly slings. A sure fate over the cooking pits would have been their lot had not a tharban pack arrived and put the beast-men to flight. The rest of this episode was on a quieter note, with Carson and the comely Duare (see page 4, panel 6) setting up house in the jungles, learning crafts, making bows, and wandering. Sometimes Carson philosophized ("Golf is a mental disorder.") They did not lack for food. Treending all the time, hopefully, toward the coast, the two finally came to a sheer cliff.

Unlike the Korak segment (with Meriem of necessity lost from issue to issue), Carson of Venus, as scripted and drawn by Mike Kaluta was a compact masterpiece. His artwork, if anything, kept improving as he pictured Burroughs' savage landscapes and beasts as well as the oddly primitive cities and barbaric trappings of Antorian civilization. Carson was a hero in the classic mold, Moosko hateful - and, oh! that Duare! He also probably designed the arrow-figure for the letter column, "The Ape Vine."

KORAK, SON OF TARZAN ceased publication as a separate entity with issue 56. Beginning with the first Gold Key issue in January, 1964 (Russ Manning art), it had lasted until January, 1972 when DC took over publication with issue 46. It went only ten more issues.

Nothing good ever stays the same and comic fans are surprised any more if an artist stays with a feature for more than ten issues, or even if the format itself remains unchanged. Korak and Carson have now been incorporated into the bi-monthly 60¢ 100-page TARZAN comic. What has happened to them in their further adventures will be covered at a later date.

TARZAN

CHANCE MEETING!





EPILOGUE TO "THUVIA"

by Ann Enybudiels

Introductory Note

THUVIA, MAID OF MARS surely ranks among the most exciting of Edgar Rice Burroughs' Martian tales, because of its thrilling, fast-paced plot and because of its introduction of a truly fascinating original concept: the phantom women of the incredibly ancient, secret city of Lethar. Yet, when the last sentence has been read and we lean back in the happy assurance that virtue and truth have triumphed over all the dark and devious forces arrayed against them, we soon find a number of important questions arising to nag us. Although the narrative is terminated, it is not really finished -- the author has left unresolved certain situations which he described in the closing chapters of the book, situations which vitally affect the fates of the principal characters of the story and the Martian nations which these characters represent.

For instance, we are told in the second-last chapter of THUVIA that Parth, Kael, and Dusear have declared war on Helius and have despatched battle fleets against Tardos Mors' empire. These fleets have been intercepted by the Helimantic navy southeast of Dusear, and a gigantic air battle is impending. Did this battle develop, with its attendant loss of life and aggravation of misunderstanding and distrust between formerly friendly nations? If not, by what means was it averted?

Each fleet is said to be under direct command of its own jeddak. However, when Thuvia, Carthoris, and Kar Zosak flee from Dusear toward Parth aboard the stolen Thuvia, they find Kulan Tith's lone flier shot down by green horsemen on a dry sea-bottom several thousand hands northwest of the scene of the threatening air-battle. How does it happen that Kulan Tith, jeddak of Kael, should be on an unescorted flier so far from the fleet he commands?

Again, the Dusearian fleet is supposedly under the personal direction of Natus, the jeddak. But Natus must still be in the city of Dusear, thousands of hands from his navy, at the time Thuvia and Carthoris escape on the Thuvia. We recall that on the previous day prince Astok had an interview with his sire in which, not daring to reveal that he already had Thuvia imprisoned in the east tower of his own palace, he indicated only that he knew where the Maid of Parth was hidden, and suggested he have her brought to Dusear. Natus, dragged by his son's impetuous folly into a war he did not relish, and realizing the calamitous effects to himself and his nation if the truth of the affair should become known to the other powers concerned, decreed that Thuvia must die in secret, and demanded that he be shown her corpse. It was this grim command which impelled Astok to fly south and pick up his trusted henchman, Vee Kor, at a farm on the Dusearian waterway, to perform the hideous deed Natus had ordered. When the Thuvia returned to Dusear with the two villainous, cowardly men of the next day, she carried Kar Zosak and Turjun the parthian in her crow. The ensuing scene in the secret tower-room is described in the last chapter of the book. At this time Natus must be in his palace at Dusear, waiting to be summoned to view the dead body of the Princess of Parth. So what happens when the girl escapes, and Astok is unable to show her lifeless form to Natus? The jeddak must surely be impatient to join his fleet and its allies confronting the mighty navy of Tardos Mors. Can he afford further

delay? Dare he fly to the battle-front without assurance of Thuvia's death?

Astok of Dusear is last seen on the roof of his palace, screaming with frustrated rage as Thuvia, Carthoris, and Kar Zosak speed away to the east on the clock, swift Thuvia. Certainly he must be aware of the consequences to himself, as well as Dusear, if their escape should be successful. What does he do now?

Our last glimpse of Kar Zosak is as he leads his chattering glances robbers behind a low promontory in pursuit of the green warriors who were attacking Kulan Tith's domed flier. Does he return to the two disabled ships where Carthoris, Thuvia, and Kulan Tith wait? Or does he, after routing the green men, dissolve with his ghostly women into the nothingness from which he came?

Ultimately, we may be sure, Thuvia, Carthoris, and Kulan Tith must have returned to their own countries. But at the end of THUVIA their two fliers are lying helpless on the moss-covered plain, badly damaged by the gunfire of the green tribesmen; how then do they leave that spot? They are far from their homes, apparently with no friendly red nation nearby. What effect does their continued absence have upon the courts of Kael, Parth, Helius, and Dusear, and on the perilous diplomatic and military situation involving these countries?

To append a final chapter to THUVIA in which these questions are answered would, obviously, have been antimilitaristic; the story's dramatic impact on the reader would have been dissipated. Burroughs therefore very properly terminated his narrative with the scene where Carthoris and Thuvia, having avowed their love, receive the pledge of eternal friendship from the noble Kulan Tith, jeddak of Kael.

But the questions still dangle before us. Thanks to the cooperation of Jason Gridley on Earth, and Glyseas Paxton on Barsoom, it is possible for us to relate the ultimate outcome of the story of THUVIA, MAID OF MARS.

The Aftermath

On the roof of his palace at Dusear, Astok the prince watched in swiftly mounting panic as the Thuvia disappeared in the eastern sky, unharmed by the shots of the pursuing Dusearian patrol craft. Clammy fingers seemed to squeeze his heart, for well he realized the inevitable aftermath should Carthoris and Thuvia make good their escape and reach Parth: the whole vile plot Astok had engineered would be disclosed, and then Thuvan Elm, mightiest jeddak in the northern hemisphere, would turn his wrath against Dusear, and particularly against Astok. At the very least that would mean the fall of Natus, jeddak of Dusear, and as for his own fate -- Astok quailed at the bare idea.

Then there was his own father, the jeddak, to answer to. Natus did not know that Thuvia had already been a secret captive in Dusear for two days; should he learn how his son had deceived him, should he learn -- as inexorably he must -- that the maid had escaped and was now flying to his father's protection, his fury would be such that his own sword might pierce Astok's heart.

The prince was in a desperate position. Down in the great square that lay between his palace and his father's he could see warriors running from Nubus's magnificent building to his own. Evidently the commotion attending the Thuria's escape had attracted the attention of the royal guard, and an investigation had been ordered. Nothing now could keep Nubus from discovering the facts. Then --?

No, Thuria must not reach her father's court. But how to prevent her? Astok thought rapidly. He knew there were Dussarian warships to the east and south; perhaps he could radio them to intercept the Thuria and shoot her down, destroying her utterly, leaving no survivors. However, the Dussarian expeditionary fleet was under direct command of the jeddak, so any special orders to its vessels would have to come from Nubus himself, with their authenticity carefully verified -- and it would take a bit of explaining by Astok why it was so important to destroy the Thuria. The prince did not relish the embarrassment this might entail. The only alternative would be for him to overtake the fleeing Thuria in one of his own ships, but even the fastest of these could not quite match the speed of the Thuria. Under his breath Astok cursed the abominable marksmanship of the gunners on the Dussarian patrol fliers; he cursed Carthoris and Thuria and the white-skinned stranger with them; he cursed his dead henchman, Vas Kor, for his ineptness with the blades; he even almost cursed his own folly, but not quite -- for like all moral cowards he sought to foist the blame for his own villainies and the miscarriage of his plans on everyone but himself.

There remained one possible chance to Astok. The Thuria was apparently following the traditional air route eastward from Dussar to Parth, but in this direction there were some two hundred degrees of longitude between the two cities. Much shorter routes joining Dussar and Parth lay across the north polar ice cap; but for ages any ship or force of men that had ventured to penetrate these frozen regions had simply disappeared without trace. Only within the past year had John Carter finally broken the sinister power of the yellow men of Ghar, and although there was now some limited intercourse between the Okarians under their new jeddak, Talu of Murekina, and a few of the outer nations, most peoples of lower latitudes still avoided the polar air lanes. Yet to Astok it seemed that here might lie his best possibility of heading off the Thuria.

His eyes swept the landing stage and stopped suddenly as they alighted on the cruiser Kantolian moored near the edge of the roof a hundred feet away. She was his best available ship -- a trifle smaller than the Thuria, not quite so speedy and a bit less well armored, but probably adequate for his needs. He snapped a question at the dwarf of the roof-guard standing beside him.

"Is the Kantolian ready for immediate liftoff?"

"She is, Prince Astok," replied the officer.

"Then man her with a minimum crew and four of my personal guardsmen. I will command her. She will depart on a highly confidential mission as soon as her crew is aboard."

As the dwarf turned to the score of Dussarian soldiers who had gathered nearby as result of the recent excitement, and began to select a crew for the Kantolian from among them, a young pawdar emerged from the doorway of the communications-tower of the palace and hastened to where Astok stood scowling anxiously eastward.

"Prince Astok, the dwarf of the jeddak's guard is inquiring about the nature and cause of the disturbance on the roof of this palace during the past few days. He says the jeddak particularly wishes to ask you if all is well. What shall I report to the dwarf?"

Astok forced a fleeting, nervous smile to his lips,

hoping that he looked unafraid, if not nonchalant.

"Before the dwarf that some Heliomatic spies gained entrance to my palace a short time ago and attempted to assassinate me. However, upon being thwarted in this effort, they fled to the roof here, where as fate would have it they found the Thuria unguarded for a few moments, and are attempting to escape on her." He paused briefly, an expression of suppressed panic tightening his features, but it was immediately banished.

"I feel sure," he went on with an affected confidence he was far from feeling, "that the patrol ships will shoot down the assassin. You may advise the dwarf, and let him pass on the word to Nubus, that I am unharmed."

The young pawdar saluted, turned, and hurried back to the communications tower containing, among other instruments, the radio-phones by which he could see and hear the dwarf of the royal guard, standing before a similar apparatus in the palace of Nubus. Scarcely had the pawdar departed than Astok was boarding the Kantolian, followed by a dozen Dussarian warriors whom the dwarf of the roof-guard had selected to man the vessel. Each man knew his assignment, proceeding immediately to his appropriate station on the ship. Some went to the control-cabin, others down to the flier's engines, two to the ship's supply-room, while the rest stationed themselves about the vessel near her rapid-fire guns. One officer -- a pawdar who belonged to the lesser nobility of Dussar -- placed himself beside Astok as aide.

Within three minutes the great triple-bladed propeller of the Kantolian began to spin, first slowly, then with increasing speed as her eighth-ray tanks gently lifted her boat-shaped, fifty-foot-long hull off the roof of Astok's palace. As she rose, her nose swung around toward the north in a few more minutes she was racing at full speed northward to disappear in the distance.

What fate ultimately befell Astok and his crew we can only speculate upon, for after the Kantolian was lost to sight over the northern horizon she was never again reported in any of the civilized nations of Burscon.

Roughly half an hour previously Nubus, jeddak of Dussar, had been passing a row of large windows in his palace, facing upon the great plaza around which Dussar's most important buildings are placed, when he saw the familiar shape of Astok's Thuria soar over the open square from the south, slow to a halt above the roof of the prince's residence, and then descend featherlike to the landing stage. The eight interested Nubus intensely so he halted a moment to watch, but his vision was obstructed by the higher edge of Astok's palace-roof, and he could see nothing of the debarkation or subsequent occurrences around the flier. But he knew what the return of the Thuria portended -- or should portend. She had left Dussar with Astok the previous afternoon for the express purpose of fetching from a remote hiding-place the princess of Parth, either alive or dead -- preferably dead. In any event, Nubus expected within another ten days or so to receive a sign that he, Nubus, could come to Astok's palace and view the lifeless body of the woman whose beauty had moved the Prince of Dussar to desert her and bring four of Burscon's mightiest empires to a state of declared war, the consequences of which could only be frightfully costly to all. Inwardly Nubus muttered a terrible curse upon his son as he continued toward his private quarters.

It was fortunate, he reflected, that the Thuria had not come back a few hours earlier; for only that morning, not long after sunrise, Nubus bade farewell to a royal ally who had flown in unexpectedly on a lone flier from the southwest the evening before -- Kulan Tith, jeddak of Kaul and betrothed of Thuria of Parth,

who had come to confer with the Dusarian emperor on the conduct of the war and the political ramifications it involved. Had Kulun Tith still been in Dusar when Astok returned with the Maid of Parthia's corpse, Nutus would have found his ingenuity sorely taxed to rush his royal guest on his way without being discourteous, or possibly raising dangerous questions in Kulun Tith's mind. It had, indeed, been with a breath of relief that Nutus watched Kulun Tith's vessel, the Antaria, depart toward the east and Parthia.

In his chambers Nutus waited with such patience as he could muster for word from Astok that the prince would appreciate a brief visit from his sire on a matter of mutual personal importance. Instead, after some twenty minutes there came the sound of gunfire and faint shouting from the prince's roof, and as Nutus turned his gaze out of the window he saw a flier -- looking very much like the Thuvia, though at this distance and angle of view he could not be sure -- rise swiftly from the landing stage and head eastward with gathering speed.

The jeddak's brows knitted in a frown of worry. Something untoward had evidently occurred across the plaza, and Nutus could not afford untoward happenings -- they might cost him his throne. He pulled a nearby bellrope which summoned a dwarf from the guard immediately outside the jeddak's chambers. As the door opened and the man stood at attention on the threshold, Nutus turned to face him.

"There seems to be some commotion on the roof of Prince Astok's palace," he said. "Find out immediately what it is, and report back. Also -- this is important -- ask my son specifically if all is well." Astok would know, of course, precisely what Nutus meant by the latter question.

While awaiting the response to his order Nutus turned back to the window facing the plaza. Presently he saw another flier ascend from Astok's roof and move toward the north, also accelerating rapidly; but what this might mean he could not now guess, though he wondered if there were a connection with the earlier shooting affair. Just then the subdued sound of a muffled gong in his room announced that a guardsman requested permission to present himself. Nutus again pulled the bellrope; the door swung open and the dwarf of the guard stepped in, to report Astok's story of the attempted assassination and the flight of the Heliuntic spies on the Thuvia.

Nutus's down countenance grew grimmer as he listened, paling slightly beneath his coppery complexion. He had learned absolutely nothing of real interest to him. He still did not know if Thuvia of Parthia was alive or dead, or, in fact, whether or not she had been aboard the Thuvia when the vessel arrived about half an hour ago. Clearly, he would have to conduct a thorough personal investigation. To this end he ordered that Prince Astok be summoned immediately to the jeddak's private quarters -- only to be informed, within five minutes, that the prince was last seen aboard the flier Kambolin, traveling almost due north at full speed. A radioed command for the ship to return at once to Dusar elicited no response.

For the rest of the afternoon Nutus the jeddak was in a very dark mood, sending messengers to bring various Dusarian nobles and officers, and even common warriors of Astok's retinue, to his private apartments for long conferences. As these went on his grim face assumed a look of mingled fury and despair. Just before sundown a swift flier was despatched from Dusar to the southeastward, bearing a written message from the jeddak authorizing transference of direct command of the Dusarian battle fleet to its highest ranking officer, and ordering its withdrawal forthwith to the regions belonging to the nation of Dusar.

After Kar Kosak and his bowmen had vanished around the low tongue of rocky land, Thuvia and Carthoris sud-

denly recounted to the jeddak of Kael the essential facts surrounding the girl's abduction from the gardens of Thuvan Dihn: how Astok's soldiers had worn Heliuntic harness bearing Carthoris's crest, thus betraying Thuvia's own suspicions on the prince of Helium; how Vas Kor had contrived Carthoris's appearance at Aam-thor; and how at last, when the prince had learned the truth, Nutus of Dusar had decreed her secret death to save his throne. As Kulun Tith listened in silence his copper-skinned face blanched with shock and rage at the perfidy of the Dusarians.

"I might have known," he muttered at last in a low, tense voice. "The honor of John Carter, Warlord of Barsoom, and of the royal house of Helium is so well attested by their histories as to be quite beyond question. That the Warlord's own son should betray that honor was almost unbelievable. Yet, men have been known to do strange and unpredictable things in passion for a woman; and so cleverly did Dusar's envoys accomplish their nefarious work -- for I know and can guess at more than you have told me -- that both Thuvan Dihn and I were completely fooled by their monstrous lie. But they shall pay for it! That I swear by my ancestors and by my sacred sword!"

In turn, then, the Kaslian jeddak informed Carthoris of Thuvia's disappearance in the great courts of Mars during the past fortnight or so since Thuvia's abduction. As Carthoris had already learned during his brief masquerade as Parjyn the parshan, a gigantic air battle was even now impending some two thousand miles southward, where the combined navies of Dusar, Parthia, and Kael were confronting the huge battle-fleet of Helium. Although the two opposing forces were hanging above each other's horizon in clear view, the engagement had not yet opened as far as Kulun Tith was aware. The Heliuntic fleet, under the command of Pardoe More, refused to fire the first shot because John Carter was still making strenuous efforts to avert hostile action, believing his son to be innocent of the charges underlying the war and insisting that the mystery of Thuvia's disappearance must have some other explanation. The allied navies on their part had thus far refrained from attack because each was awaiting the arrival of its jeddak to assume personal command.

"Only yesterday morning," concluded Kulun Tith, "I left Nutus in Dusar, where I had a conference with him the previous evening upon my arrival from Kael. And to think --" he paused as his voice rose angrily, "to think that even while I was in Nutus's palace, you, Thuvia, were being held prisoner, under sentence of death, in Astok's tower across the plaza! By the ancient gods! Had I had but an inkling!" Again Kulun Tith's inner fury made him stop for a few moments.

"I must have left Dusar several two days before your escape. I was to meet Thuvan Dihn coming from Parthia, and then we both were to turn south to join our fleets. Nutus presumably is now on his way to join the Dusarian force. Hardly more than five days before your arrival here, my flier was shot down by the Kalgars."

Thuvia stepped forward eagerly to place her hand on Kulun Tith's arm.

"You were to meet my father before reaching Parthia? Then he must be on his way in this direction!"

"Yes," agreed Kulun Tith with a nod. "In fact, I should expect his flagship to arrive almost momentarily. As soon as my flier was struck by the Kalgars fire and started to fall, I had my radio operator send out a call to Thuvan Dihn telling him what had happened, and giving our location."

The promise implied in the Kaslian's words filled Carthoris with a sudden sense of relief which brought home what a burden of fear for Thuvia's safety he had carried continuously since the day his father had advised him of the Parthian maid's vanishing. True, she was not yet among her own people, but at least she had a full score doughty Kaslian swords available for her defense, and more help was on the way.

Carthoris glanced over at the girl, to see her turn

toward him with a wondrous light of hope and thankfulness shining in her eyes. She extended a hand toward him, and as he moved forward quickly to take her arm the princess of Pearth snuggled against his side, pillowing her head upon his breast with a sigh.

A very smile touched the lips of Kulan Tith for a moment; then the jeddak of Kaol turned away to join a little knot of his warriors behind him.

Just then the sun was rising on the city of Dumar far to the west, to find the awakening city being greeted with the shocking news that three nobles in the retinue of Prince Astok had been found dead by their own hands, and that slumped at the foot of his throne lay the body of Intus, the fingers of his right hand still touching the hilt of the imperial dagger driven into his heart.

"Ah!" exclaimed Thuvia suddenly, pointing across the sea-bottom. "Our friend Kar Komak returns."

Carthoris and Kulan Tith turned to see the figure of the Bowman descending the sloping side of the low point of land around which the regiments of yelling archers had vanished a half-hour before. He came alone, carrying in his arms several heavy swords, two pistols, and a long radium rifle.

The sight of him reminded Kulan Tith sharply of the fantastic scene he had witnessed such a short time before -- hundreds upon hundreds of brawny, primitively-armed warriors of a forgotten age pouring out of the hold of a cruiser that could not conceivably accommodate over fifty. The Kaolian's brows tightened and he turned a puzzled face to Carthoris.

"Who is this fellow, Carthoris? Where are the others? And how in the name of Issus were you able to carry twenty or thirty utensils of man in your tiny ship?"

Carthoris laughed lightly and shook his head. "I shall explain very soon, Kulan Tith, but pray be patient -- it really is not important at the moment. Just let me assure you that the approaching warrior is a brave and honorable friend whom I met some days ago."

In a few more minutes Kar Komak was approaching the little group at the two fliers. Carthoris advanced to meet him, and when the Bowman of Lothar had dumped his double-armed salvaged Kalgar weapons on the ground, the young red man took Kar Komak's arm.

"Kulan Tith, jeddak of Kaol," he announced after the approved manner of formal introductions on Mars, "it is my honor to commend to your favorable attention Kar Komak, edwar of the armistice of Lothar. Lay your hand upon the shoulder of a brave and honorable warrior who freely proffered his sword and his life in the service of the Princess of Pearth, and through whose resourcefulness and fearlessness in the face of danger she was enabled to escape her enemies."

If Kulan Tith was at somewhat of a loss what to make of a man who could summon an army out of the bowels of a fifty-man flier, and yet who returned from the battle alone, bearing the spoils of combat in his own hands like a common slave, he repressed his bewilderment well as he stepped forward and placed his palm on the white shoulder of the Bowman.

"Kar Komak," he said earnestly, "that so renowned and respected a warrior as Carthoris, Prince of Helium, should call you his friend is ample assurance to me that you will deserve the confidence of every righteous man. That, in addition, you have fought for the honor and liberty of Thuvia, Princess of Pearth, whose father is my staunchest friend and ally, engenders in me a feeling of personal obligation and gratitude greater than I can say. Kar Komak, the hospitality of the court of Kaol is yours whenever you may seek it."

"The jeddak of Kaol is most gracious," answered Kar Komak simply. "I hope I may merit the honor by rendering some service to you."

"You have already done so, edwar," replied Kulan Tith, waving his hand toward the two fliers beside which they stood. "But for your timely appearance with your warriors, Kaol would now be without a jeddak."

As he mentioned Kar Komak's bowmen the puzzled expression darted again into Kulan Tith's eyes and he glanced toward the low ridge as if wondering why the utensils of strange white warriors did not return with their leader.

Kar Komak noticed the look and smiled.

"My archers will not return," he said. "They have gone back to the dark oblivion whence they came."

But Kulan Tith could ask another question, a lookout called his attention to the appearance of half a dozen little black specks over the gently-rolling eastern horizon, moving rapidly toward them. Several powerful field glasses were trained on the distant dots instantly, and in a few moments Kulan Tith, who had been scrutinizing the approaching fliers through his own glasses announced:

"They bear the colors of Pearth, Thuvia. Your father and his convoy, I imagine."

And so they were. Within minutes a hundred-man battleship and two fifty-man cruisers emblazoned with the insignia of Pearth glided to a halt above the Thuvia and the Antaria, and commenced dropping groundward while three other cruisers took up a watchful patrol, circling slowly at a height of a few thousand feet.

Thuvia touched Carthoris's arm.

"It occurs to me, my Prince, that since my father believes you to be the instigator of my abduction, we could avoid an awkward scene if you were to remain out of sight until I have had an opportunity to enlighten him about the facts."

For a second the young Heliumite hesitated. It did not accord with his nature to cower in the shadows while another pleaded his case; but he quickly saw the wisdom of the girl's suggestion, which Kulan Tith immediately seconded, and as he too wished to spare Thuvan Dihn any needless embarrassment that might follow their meeting, he nodded, flashed his companions a slightly wry smile, and dropped back to mingle unobtrusively with the Kaolian personnel busying themselves about the two fliers.

The two descending cruisers landed on opposite sides of the grounded ships, keeping their guns on the latter -- obviously they were taking no chances of being caught by a Heliumite trick. A moment later the battleship Zitider, flying the colors of the royal house of Pearth, settled to the sea-bottom; a gangplank was lowered and a small group of Pearthian officers began descending it, among them a tall, stately, gray-faced man whose finely-wrought harness and gem-studded ornaments proclaimed his special station -- Thuvan Dihn, jeddak of Pearth. Kulan Tith stepped forward to meet them, followed by Thuvia and several members of his own retinue.

A few paces apart the parties halted, the two jeddaks laid palms on each other's shoulders, spoke each other's names and exchanged "factors" of friendly greeting. Then, glancing past Kulan Tith, Thuvan Dihn's eyes flew wide at sight of his daughter standing among the Kaolian delegation.

"Thuvia!"

Thuvan Dihn almost bowed over the Kaolian as he sprang with that glad, grateful cry toward his daughter, who held out her arms to him with a happy laugh upon her beautiful lips.

For a moment Thuvan Dihn held his daughter close, then they separated, and from where he stood beside the Thuvia Carthoris could see an earnest, animated conversation ensue between the girl and the two jeddaks. He could not quite hear what was said, but by watching the play of emotions on Thuvan Dihn's face -- concern, anger, surprise, puzzlement, disbelief, thoughtfulness, and finally again a suppressed wrath as the Pearthian looked toward distant Dumar -- Carthoris could infer the course of the discussion. Presently the little group began casting glances in his direction; then Kulan Tith beckoned him to join them.

Carthoris advanced quickly until he stood before

Thuvra Dihn. The latter regarded him solemnly for an instant in silence, then he spoke.

"Carthoris, Prince of Helim," he said then, "my daughter has just told me what really occurred at the time of her disappearance and since. I realize now that I, my people, and my allies were the victims of a vicious deception deliberately aimed at arousing and directing our enmity at you, your honorable house, and the great nation with which in the past we have enjoyed the most friendly and mutually beneficial relations. I have wronged you grievously, Carthoris—and words can not express the regret I feel at my lack of faith in your integrity. I hope you will forgive a man whose grief at the loss of his beloved daughter unbalanced his judgement."

With a smile Carthoris stepped up and placed a palm on Thuvra Dihn's shoulder.

"I understand, Thuvra Dihn. Astok's plot was very cunningly planned and executed. It is entirely probable that many of my own people harbor doubts of my trustworthiness. But the important matter now is that Thuvra is again with her own kin, and that our friendship is as strong and cordial as it has ever been."

It was a happy group that boarded the *Zitidar* to the wild cheering of the Parthian soldiers when they recognized their restored prince. Dozens of swords clattered at her feet as she trod the deck with her father toward the ship's bridge, and guns boomed in salute as the joyous tidings of Thuvra's return were signalled to the other vessels.

Many of the Parthian officers knew Carthoris by sight, and their faces reflected their wonderment at his presence; but the fact that he walked in obvious honor beside Kulan Tith, immediately behind Thuvra and Thuvra Dihn, assured them that he stood in the good graces of their jeddak. At the entrance to his cabin on the ship, Thuvra Dihn turned and raised his hand for silence.

"Men of Parth!" he cried, when the cheering had died down, "Your princess has been returned to you, safe and well, by one whom we mistakenly accused of her abduction. This I have from her own lips. Your jeddak will take immediate steps toward the restoration of peaceful and friendly relations with the royal house and the people of Helim, for it is to Carthoris, Prince of Helim, that we owe the happiness of this moment!"

Answer the cheering broke out and a hundred swords flashed high in salute, but now it was the young Prince of Helim who was the object of the ovation. He smiled and raised his arm in acknowledgement of the thanks so enthusiastically given by the warriors of Parth; then, accompanied by Kulan Tith, Kar Komak, and a small cortege of Parthian and Kaolian officers, turned to fol-

low Thuvra and her father into the *Zitida's* command cabin.

And there the story of THUVRA, MAID OF MARS reaches its effective conclusion. A brief, carefully-worded radio message was flashed from the *Zitidar* to the great battle fleets, stating only that the missing Princess of Parth had been found alive and well, and that by her own account there appeared no justification for the current state of belligerence. The authors of the message, sent first in secret military codes to their respective fleets and then in the international diplomatic code, identified themselves as Thuvra Dihn and Kulan Tith, requested an immediate cessation of any military action that might be in progress, and stated their wish to confer under flag of truce with Jaddok Moss and John Carter, with a view to clearing up certain serious misunderstandings underlying the present state of affairs.

Within minutes replies began coming in on the *Zitidar's* receiving sets; the Desarian fleet had early that morning begun to withdraw northwestward, with no explanation save that it had been so ordered by Natus; overt hostile action had not broken out between the disputants, and the jeddak of Helim would be pleased to undertake discussions at once with the opposing rulers.

Thus ended the war between Helim and the allied powers of Parth, Kaol, and Dussar. Three Parthian cruisers were left behind to help in partially repairing the *Thuvra* and the *Anteria*, and then to escort the crippled vessels to Parth, while the *Zitidar* and two cruisers headed southward toward the great navies that still confronted each other, but now under colors of truce.

In the high bow of the *Zitidar* stood Thuvra Dihn and Kulan Tith in conversation with a small number of their officers. Kar Komak, the Bowman of Lothar, lounged against a corner of the ship's cabin, casually watching the young red-skinned couple to whom he looked for guidance in adjusting to this new, strange, barren Barsoc in which he would now live. They stood beyond the cabin doorway, by themselves, paying no attention to their surroundings. They were not speaking — there evidently was no need for speech. The man's left arm lay protectingly, and somewhat possessively, about the girl's shoulders. Presently Thuvra turned a little more toward Carthoris, and her hand crept up about his neck to draw his face down to hers.

Kar Komak smiled, turned, and sauntered to the port rail to scan the monotonous, rolling ochre sea-bottom. Yes — this Barsoc was a far different world from that he had known a million years ago, but in some ways, quite evidently, nothing had changed at all.





BATTLE SONG OF THE TORQUASIAN WARRIORS

Out across the desert sand,
Laying waste the fertile land:
Deadly spears in every hand--
For Torquas, charge!

On your thoats, then, men of Torquas, ride!
Lance and longsword, turn the battle's tide!

Till our war-thoats all go lame,
Till the red men fall in shame,
Till all Barsoom quakes at our name:
For Torquas, charge!

On your thoats, then, men of Torquas, ride!
Lance and longsword, turn the battle's tide!

Mighty Helium shall fall,
None shall answer Duhor's call,
Lothar's bowmen vanquished all:
For Torquas, charge!

—J. G. Huckenpahler

